

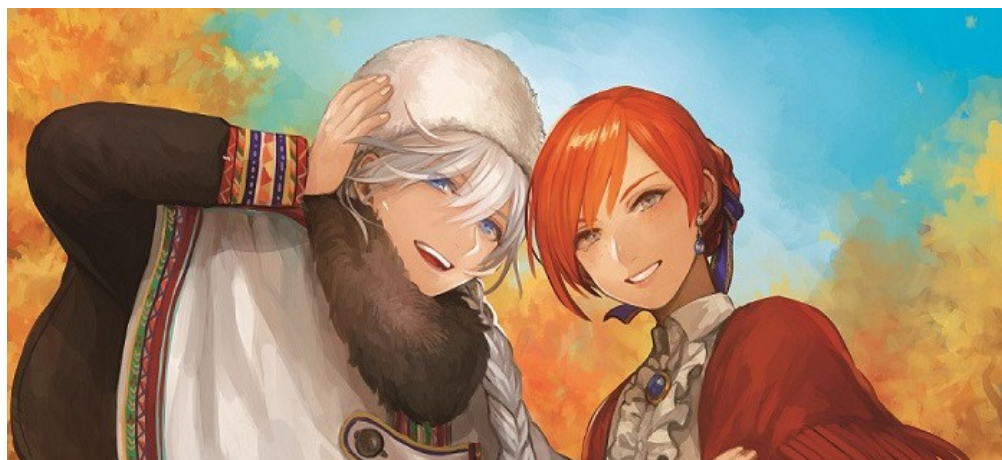
The Snow Country Hunting Life of the Northern Nobleman and the Raptor Wife 北欧貴族と猛禽妻の雪国狩 り暮らし

Stories of the Four Seasons

Written by Emoto Mashimesa (江本マシメサ)

Illustrator by Akaneko (あかねこ)

Credits



LN Published by [Syosetu](#)

Translated by [Kudarajin](#)

PDF by swhp

Chapter 83 - The Savage Bird and the Winter Feast

After the polar nights are over, we started hunting again.

Since we went through many things in the storage, it would be nice to get big prey.

“I want to hunt boar or deer.”

“Well, don’t rush it.”

Sieg said that, but I felt restless, wanting to hunt.

But as she said, things usually end in failure if one rushes it so I should calm down.

Today the sky was clear.

The sunlight shone down on the snow and made the land glisten.

“It is beautiful, but it also makes me wish I had light-blocking goggles.”

“Hehh, so such a thing exists.”

“It’s military equipment. I don’t know if it’s sold elsewhere.”

While saying that, Sieg squinted, maybe because the light reflecting from the snow was too strong.

That expression was so handsome, that I became absentminded as I stared at her profile.

“What is it?”

“N-Nothing~”

Sieg quickly noticed that I was acting strangely. I waved my hands to deceive her and continued onwards.

“Ritz!”

“Nn?”

The moment my name was called out, something fell from the tree branches above and landed with a thud.

“!”

My eyes locked with the round eyes that suddenly appeared.

What fell down was a large black bird whose height was about knee-high.

“Run!”

With Sieg’s shout, the black bird opened its wings wide with a scream.

“Kueee——!”

“Uwa!”

The bird leaped gracefully with its sharp claws pointing at me. Along with a sharp cry.

I managed to dodge the first blow, but I ended up rolling on the floor.

With its first attack having failed, the bird flapped its wings while glaring at me.

I managed to quickly stand back up, but my foot fell in the deep snow and my balance collapse.

“Ritz!”

Before the attack could reach me, Sieg ran over here blocking the bird's path to me.

Sieg raised the gunstock high and rammed it down on the bird.

Having received a blow, the bird rolled on the ground.

"Sieglinde, get down."

Sieg leaped back at the order.

I checked if there was anything else in the way, and pulled the trigger.

A dry crack sounded and snow fell from trees with loud noises.

The bullet hit the mark.

"Are you alright?"

"Yes, I'm fine."

I opened the magazine part of the gun and removed the empty cartridge case. After confirming that it has cooled in the snow, I put it in my pocket.

I went to the sleigh and fetched a leather bag for collecting prey.

"What's this bird?"

"Wood grouse."

Most birds in the grouse family have white winter feathers, but wood grouses have black feathers. It's big as well.

“Is this a ferocious bird?”

“Ah~ It might be the breeding season~”

It’s just speculation, but I think the wood grouse grew restless when people passed by while it was in heat, and so it attacked carelessly.

Though I was also being careless.

“Sieg, thank you for saving me.”

“It’s a relief that its claws did not reach you.”

“Thanks to you.”

If Sieg wasn’t here, I might have been injured.

It really was a good thing.

After returning home, we removed the blood and the feathers from the wood grouse.

We split the bird from its neck to the belly button, gutting it. Then we put it in a cloth bag and aged it for about ten days.

——Ten days later.

“Now then, why don’t we try the wood grouse we caught some time ago.”

Today, Ruruporon is on holiday, so we’ll be cooking by ourselves.

We bought ingredients from a merchant and started cooking after it got dark.

“Sieg, can you make fried potatoes and boiled potatoes please.”

“Alright.”

“We’ll be chopping the potatoes into thin slices. To cook them, peel them and boil them in water.”

“Understood.”

I instructed Sieg then I started cooking as well.

The first thing I was making was a salad named ‘Wood grouse nest’. It’s a unique salad that is in the shape of a bird’s nest.

While Sieg was making the necessary pieces for the nest and the eggs, I made the insides.

First, I applied herbs on the breast meat and boiled it in water.

While I boiled the bird meat, I thinly sliced many different kinds of vegetables.

I also made the sauce to go with the vegetables and the meat.

Herbs, pepper, wine vinegar, salt, lemon juice. I mixed those and sprayed them on the vegetables.

I ripped the cooked meat into bite sizes and mixed them with the vegetables.

Next, I piled the vegetables and the bird meat into a mountain shape.

“What are we doing with the mashed potatoes?”

“We’ll be making something in the shape of bird’s eggs.”

Pepper and herbs were sprayed into the mashed potatoes, then they were shaped into egg shapes, with cheese in the centre. After that, they were boiled in water.

Once the sunk eggs float up to the surface, it’s done. They’re taken out of the water then set aside in a separate dish to remove the residual heat.

Once everything is cooked, all that is left is to finish up.

On the pile of vegetables and meat shaped into a mountain shape, thinly sliced and fried potatoes are put around it.

Finally, it's finished by placing the potato eggs.

"It really looks like a bird's nest."

"Is it?"

This was something that mother made a long time ago. I remember having had this when grandfather caught a large grouse.

Other than that, I roasted wood grouse meat on a skewer. I placed the dishes Miruporon made last night, mushroom and reindeer soup, along with bread for a delicious meal.

"Uwa, looks amazing."

"Why don't we eat."

Sieg poured berry liqueur into her cup while I had berry juice.

Sieg served some of the salad in the shape of a wood grouse's nest to me.

"Thank you!"

I thanked her and received the dish of wood grouse meat and vegetables.

The clean taste of vinegar and herbs roused my appetite.

The meat had a good texture to it, and thanks to its clean taste it went well with vegetables.

It also had a different taste when eaten with the crispy fried potatoes.

I also tried the eggs made out of mashed potatoes.

“Uwa, it’s chewy and tasty!”

The once mother made had cheese rolled up inside.

This time, I tried making the eggs based on a foreign dish Sieg mentioned.

With a chewy texture, melted cheese stretches out from inside. It’s spiced with herbs so they’re tasty on their own, but they went very well with the crispy potatoes.

“Sieg, how is it?”

“It’s great. It reminds me of food I had back home.”

“Is that so? That’s a relief~!”

I felt happy that I received words of praise from Sieg.

For the skewer roast, I dipped the meat in red wine sauce.

The wood grouse meat was exotic, or crispy shall I say. It was a bit tough.

“Wood grouse meat is more gamy compared to other bird meat, how is it?”

“Is that so? I like it myself.”

After carrying a bite-sized piece to her mouth, Sieg said.

Then she said something more after a drink.

“Delicious.”

The wood grouse seemed to fit Sieg’s taste well, so I felt relieved.

After the dishes became empty, it was time to chat.

“Ptarmigans, which are of the grouse family, are called riekko here.”

“Sounds cute.”

“Is that so?”

I was used to it from a long time ago, I wasn't sure.

The feeling is different from country to county, I thought.

“Come to think of it, Ritz, what should we do about this?”

“Ah, I forgot about it.”

What was at the edge of the table was a fried egg.

It was from an egg I received from the merchant as a bonus.

“Sieg, you can have it.”

“No, let's split it in two.”

After saying that, Sieg sliced the egg and placed it on a piece of bread before the yolk could spill.

The yolk seeped into the bread before it could spill onto the table, so I felt relieved.

“Bread and fried eggs go well~. Tasty~”

“You didn't know?”

“Yup. I only had jam or liver spread with bread.”

Sieg apparently had bread and fried eggs a lot when she lived alone.

“I had them when I did not have much time in the morning. It’s nothing praiseworthy though.”

“Really?”

I remembered the high-quality dining at grandfather’s place. Indeed, one wouldn’t be able to do that in such a solemn setting.

“Eggs tasted good. Why don’t I raise hens this year~”

“They sell chickens?”

“Yup. You can buy them in spring.”

Chickens lay an egg a day, so I planned on buying two for Sieg and me.

While planning for Spring, the dinner ended.

Chapter 84 - Fishing and Sieglinde in Spring Clothes

By the time spring had nearly passed, the snow had mostly melted and the ground was covered with a soft green carpet.

From the signs of summer visiting soon, the villagers also vibrated with joy.

Unlike the dark winter, spring soothed people's hearts.

Today, we went out fishing.

The lake we did ice fishing sometime ago now also only had bits of ice floating around.

Once the snow melts, the method of transport becomes either walking or hiring horses from a merchant.

The distance to the lake was not too far, so I pulled along a small sleigh for placing luggage with a pulley, going out also for a stroll with the dogs.

Since we were going out fishing after a long time, my head was filled with fish.

If we're talking about spring fish, then there's northern pike. It's a freshwater fish with a cylindrical mouth with spots on its body.

"Pikes are nice in this season~ Would be nice if we could catch some."

"Right. I miss fish sometimes."

.....How nice, fish is getting yearned for by Sieg.

While thinking such a trivial thing, I proceeded through the lush forest.

About an hour later, we arrived at the lake closest to the village.

“This place is different from the place we visited last time.”

“When it’s spring, everyone visits this lake.”

Here the amount of sunshine is high so it’s not fit for ice fishing.

“Ah, indeed, this place does not have any snow.”

“Right. Only this place has full spring scenery.”

Since we were going to fish, I undid the leashes on the dogs for them to go out and play. They would come back once the whistle is blown, so there was no need to worry.

The lake became quiet now that the dogs were gone. I stared at the lake with Sieg.

“Pretty.”

“Really?”

A clear blue sky with white clouds, along with young leaves were being reflected beautifully on the lake surface.

However, it was a scenery I was used to from a young age so I did not become absentminded from this.

If I stared at Sieg’s profile now, I would get glared at with her raptor-like eyes so I took care to not get found out and took a few steps back.

As to what I was doing, I was going to enjoy Sieglinde’s appearance from behind.

——Nn. Good. Wonderful.

For the traditional clothing to be worn in early spring, I commissioned one in a more feminine design.

The one I made before was more boyish, so I passionately pushed for a skirt like those of the village women that would create a beautiful line from the waist to the hip.

The clothing fits a little tighter than the previous one, so it also contained slits for easier movement. If Sieg crouches, it reveals her thighs.

Still, she has trousers on underneath so I can't see her bare skin, but it still makes me happy.

I imagined about hugging her by the waist and enjoying the beautiful scenery together, but I saw her roundhouse kick before so I did not rashly do it.

“What is it?”

“Eh!? No, I just thought that the scenery is beautiful!”

“?”

I can't tell her.

For me to be ogling her waist and hip with perverted eyes.

“Now, now! Let's go fish——Ahh!”

When I took a few steps back, I tripped on a rock.

I got my just deserts.



“The bait we’ll be using is, this!”

We’ll be fishing with a fake bait carved from reindeer antler, made in the shape of a small fish.

“Hehh, so this works as well.”

I adequately taught Sieg how to use it and then went to prepare fishing for pikes.

“Pikes are also called ‘the aggressive fish’.”

“What a strong sounding name.”

Though it doesn’t compare to Sieg’s ‘Crimson Eagle’.

Without saying what I thought of in my head, I continued to explain about the pike.

“The teeth are like needles, so it’s very sharp. It can even chew through the fishing lines.”

It hurts quite a bit if it bites. So one has to be careful when catching them.

“Maybe I should make Sieg fish for smaller fish after all.”

I handed her small baits shaped after insects.

Since it would be bad if she gets injured from fishing pikes, I made her fish for smaller fish.

After I explained, we started fishing.

The fake bait is attached to the line then thrown into the lake. Afterwards, the poles is controlled so that it looks like a fish is swimming. All that is left is to wait for fish to bite.

Sieg caught the first fish.

“Ah, a trout.”

When Sieg pulled her pole hard, the fish was flipped out of the water.

After pulling the fish closer, it was caught using a net.

“Great skills.”

“I seem to be in good condition today.”

After that, Sieg caught two more fish.

Soon, it was already time for lunch, even though I could not catch a thing.

“Now then, why don’t we have some food.”

I picked up branches from the area and lit a fire.

I sharpened some branches with a knife and skewered some sausages that I brought from home.

After making about four, I asked Sieg to watch them.

While the sausages were being roasted, I looked over the trout Sieg caught.

“Are you going to roast that as well?”

“No, this is eaten raw.”

The three fish have salt applied to them to remove the smell, and then washed with water that I brought from home.

After that, it's seasoned with salt and pepper, as well as vinegar and herbs. It's then left for a while.

After washing my hands in the lake, I took out bread from a bag.

"That, what is it?"

"Hapankorppu~"

Sieg opened her eyes wide at the flat and wide bread. It seemed like it was the first time she saw it.

Hapankorppu is a dry bread that is convenient for going on trips because the volume is not large.

I split the bread into a bite size, then I added thinly sliced cheese and the fish that was just being cooked.

"The sausages seem to be ready as well."

"Then, let's eat!"

First, I had a bite of a sausage that Sieg cooked.

With a crisp crunching sound the sausage exploded inside the mouth.

The merchant did say that the spices are strong that there was no need to season it, and indeed the meat juice flowed out plenty. The perfect savoury flavour was unbearable. It felt like it would go well with alcohol.

Maybe we should have had this in the house.

Next, I tried the bread with the fish.

“This is interesting.”

Sieg ate saying that it was interesting.

The bread that is harder than biscuit has bits of crushed berries.

The texture is interesting and the flavour of the berries are good as well.

The fresh fish tasted good as well.

After lunch, we resumed fishing.

An hour later.

“Haa ~ ~

We could not catch a single one, so I lied down on the grass.

I breathed in the nice smell of the grass to soothe myself.

“Sieg, shall we return?”

“No, just a bit more.”

Sieg had already caught about ten fish.

She usually says that we should return quickly when we're on hunts, but strangely she sticks around longer for fishing.

“Ritz!”

“Hmm? Sieg, did you catch something else?”

“No, Ritz, your pole!”

“Eh?”

When I sat up, the end of the pole was swaying faintly.

When I grabbed the pole, it bent greatly.

“U-Uwa!”

When I pulled in panic, I felt a sure reaction.

“Heavy!”

If I pull too hard, the line will snap. I have to be careful with this.

After playing tug-of-war with the fish for some time, I felt it getting weaker.

When I took the opportunity and pulled hard, I could see a black shadow struggling in the water.

Sieg brought out a stick with a net to catch it.

“Sieg, be careful of the teeth!”

“Alright.”

The caught fish had about the same length as my shin.

It was surprisingly big, that Sieg and I stared in awe.

“To catch such a large fish with a rod I didn’t put much effort into making…….”

No one can know what will happen in life.



Tired from playing, the dogs came back on their own even though I didn't call them.

With the sunset as a backdrop, we returned home.

We split the caught pike in two to share with Teoporon's house.

The herb roast made using half the fish was tasty, as expected of a seasonal fish. The fat was great as well.

For dinner, we savoured a meal that we could only taste in spring.

Chapter 85 - Delicious Mushrooms and the Summer Scenery

Once it's summer, even the remote village in the snow country has the sun shining down brightly. The forest is dyed in a bright green shade and flowers are blooming attractively.

Today, I am going to pick mushrooms with Sieg.

I was full of energy from the morning, making lunch to be taken to the forest.

Today's dish is 'salmon cream pie'.

First the pie crusts were made.

Into a bowl, salt, flour, and butter were put in then mixed well with a wooden spoon. Flour was frequently sprinkled on butter to make the surface well-coat

In this season, dairy products could be acquired at cheap prices in the stores, so I did not hold back on using butter.

Once the butter became fine, I then rinsed my hands with cold water.

After that, the dough was then put in a clean cloth bag and then left to sit in a icehouse for an hour.

While letting the dough sit, I made the creamy salmon filling.

I used an imported salmon I bought from the store. I used only the upper half and left the other half for the Rango family.

The salmon that had been salted and stored in the icehouse was taken out and dipped in milk to remove the smell.

Next, mushrooms, onions, carrots and potatoes were fried until they become soft.

In another pot, butter was melted, and then flour was added. A while after that, milk was added and stirred. Once the lumps from the flour were gone and the mixture became smooth, the pot was taken away from the fire.

The vegetables that were just cooked and the cream sauce were mixed and then soup from last night and spices were added to adjust the flavour.

Finally, the salmon was added and then it was cooked until the moisture disappears.

When the creamy filling was done, the crust that was resting in the icehouse was ready as well.

A process of melding the moist crust was shaped using a long wooden stick was repeated.

**

The finished pie dough was placed on a cloth.

On one end of the square shaped crust, ingredients are placed then arranged into a triangular shape. As for the ends, they were tied up firmly to not let the cream leak. Next, beaten eggs were used to coat the surface to give it lustre.

Oil was applied to an iron plate then the ready pies were cooked for some minutes. Salmon cream pies, ready to serve.

If it was winter, warm and crunchy pies would be nice, but this was sweaty season so there was no desire to bite into fresh pies.

After the residual heat went away, it was put into a basket. Lunch was ready.

Afterwards, I had breakfast with Sieg then we headed to the forest.

“You were up early today. How rare.”

“I was making packed lunch.”

“Was that so?”

The packed lunch was placed in the basket.

I wonder if Sieg will be happy. While thinking that I proceeded down the road.

“Ah, it’s there!”

Today’s objective are yellow mushrooms called kantarelli. {Chantarelle}

“Sounds like there would be poison in them.”

“There are.”

“.....”

“It’s okay as long as we don’t eat too much.”

Kantarelli are one the most loved mushrooms in the world aside from cultivated mushrooms.

As for the poison, well, it should be fine. Probably.

“Sounds suspicious.”

“It’s alright, it’s alright! Father said so I’m sure it’s alright.”

Kantarelli has a refreshing scent like apricots. I brought Sieg closer to make her sniff the mushroom scent.

“It indeed does have such an aroma.”

“Right? These are tasty, you see!”

Sieg too seemed to have given up and started harvesting mushrooms.

Around an hour later, we collected a fair bit so we stopped harvesting mushrooms.

In the area, there were blueberries so we decided to pick some.

“Sieg, why don’t we rest now?”

Aren’t you tired? Even when asked that, Sieglinde said that she was fine with a carefree face.

There was a leaf on her hair so I took it off.

Since there was a river nearby, we decided to have lunch there.

I soaked handkerchiefs that I brought in a basket in the river. I handed one to Sieg.

The forest is cool, but when we diligently pick berries we still have sweat forming. It feels good to wipe one’s face with a cold handkerchief.

When I glanced at Sieg, she was in the middle of wiping her neck with the handkerchief.

The traditional clothing has a closed collar so she was sweating unnecessarily.

I could get a slight peek her white neck, and for some reason the way she was wiping her sweat was sexy so I unconsciously blurted out, “Ohh!”

It was something I wouldn’t have been able to see if I was sitting next to her. I thanked god for this fortune.

“Ritz.”

“Y-Yes!?”

“What is it?”

“No, nothing.”

“?”

Sieg called me without turning around so I was surprised.

She just wanted to say, “It’s hot today,” nothing more.

I was acting suspiciously, so Sieg shot me gazes of doubt.

“Did you do something?”

“Ah, erm, no.”

In the end, I confessed honestly.

“Erm, I was watching you wipe your sweat from behind.”

“What fun is in that.”

“It’s not fun, but unbearable~ or so.”

“.....”

I received reproachful gazes.

Even so, I still liked it when Sieg looked at me like that so I got a bit excited.

However, I don’t want to anger Sieg.

“S-Sorry, Sieglinde-san.....”

After that, I made up my mind to stop peeping at Sieg.



Lunch was the salmon cream pies I made in the morning!

I wanted to be praised by Sieg, so I claimed to have woken up early and put all my effort into making it.

“Look, Sieg! I worked hard from the morning.”

“That’s amazing.”

I wondered if she would pat my head, so I put my hands on my knee and lowered my posture, but Sieg only patted my shoulder. How regretful.

I was hungry, so I decided to proceed.

The triangular pies were slightly larger than our palms. I grabbed one with both hands and bit into one end.

The outside of the pie crust is crunchy, while the inside is soft from the cream.

The salmon has a faintly savoury taste so it tasted even better. The lumpy cream had a thick flavour, and the vegetables that were cooked until they were soft also entertained the tongue.

When I chewed the mushroom we recently picked, the flavour overflowed.

The pies made using the gifts of summer were very satisfying.

“Ritz, it was delicious. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome~.”

Sieg also liked it. Nice. It was worthwhile to wake up early.

“Come to think of it, how do you cook the poisonous mushrooms?”

“Kantarelli, huh.”

The poisonous mushrooms, I mean, kantarelli have a crunchy texture, taste slightly like pepper and have a rich scent.

Frying them in butter and eating them on bread is good, and putting them in milk soup is also good. They can be used as ingredients for pies, they can be cooked alongside meatballs, and they go well in the sauce for grilled fish.

“Well, the cooking methods are the same as normal mushrooms.”

“I see.”

“It also goes well with alcohol.”

“I’ll be looking forward to that.”

I decided to reflect on my peeping today, and put effort into pouring drinks.

.....Well, though I already pour drinks for Sieg because I like it.

After returning home, I delivered half of the harvested kantarelli to Ruruporon and as for the rest the dirt was removed and then the mushrooms were left to dry in baskets. Dried mushrooms are important for the winter.

“Sieg, what should we do about the blueberries?”

I already made about enough jam, sauce and juice for twenty. I just made tart the day before yesterday.

There were many ripe ones so I ended up picking a lot, so I was agonising over what I should make.

“How about Lassi?”

“What’s that!?”

“A yoghurt-based drink.”

“Hehh, sounds delicious!”

It seemed that Sieg drank them during her days in the army when she did not have much appetite. Apparently it’s a healthy beverage from a foreign land.

There were ingredients at home, so Sieg said that she’ll make them.

I offered to help.

To not get in the way of Ruruporon while she’s cooking, we made them on the table.

“Ritz, can you crush the blueberries please.”

“Alright.”

While I was crushing blueberries, Sieg did other work.

In a bowl, she mixed yoghurt, syrup with lemon, and milk.

The crushed blueberries are then squeezed with a cloth to get only the juice.

“Then, it’s finished by adding blueberry juice.”

“Hehh~”

I drank the fresh beverage.

“Ah, it’s cool and delicious.”

The sweet flavour of the blueberries and the sour taste of the yoghurt went well. It had a clean taste, so as Sieg said I could imagine myself drinking this when I did not have much appetite.

As we did that, dinner was served.

It was cold at night, so I closed the windows.

The season showed signs of changing from summer to autumn.

Chapter 86 - Beloved Wife's Lunchbox and Autumn's Great Harvest

Autumn is the time for harvesting vegetables that were planted in early spring.

This year, the temperature was unstable so the crops did not grow very well.

Well, things happen every year, so we usually harvest the crops with half expectations.

The root vegetables which are relatively easy to pick are harvested by the children.

It's endearing seeing the children pulling on carrots and digging for potatoes.

When it's time for lunch, everyone has the packed lunches they brought from home.

Today, Sieg made lunch for me.

I always prepared my own lunch, so I was moved.

I wonder what Sieg made for me. I opened the basket as my heart pounded.

What came into my eyes first were the three large potatoes. They were baked properly, and there were salt and herbs to go with them. Other than those, there was a long sausage on a skewer, standing out very greatly.

The potato and the sausage was sent from Sieg's family.

Around the edge of the basket, there were also small bottles. Pickled cabbages. I wonder if this is handmade by Sieg? I thought that it was new to put bottles in the lunchbox.

The main menu was crunchy deep fried meat. On top of it, there were thin slices of lemon.

Above were the contents of my beloved wife's lunchbox.

What should I say, the sensation of a soldier not used to cooking earnestly making lunch feels great! The staple food being potatoes rather than bread was also like Sieg's home country.

The handmade lunch was delicious.

So much that I almost wished that I should have peeked at her making them if possible.

After lunch, I started working again in the afternoon.

The harvested vegetables are collected in one place and men with discerning eyes take care of the selection process.

Vegetables with scars or ones that are small, which are those not fit for selling, were also needed to be collected instead of tax. I wanted to share them with everyone, but I had no choice but to take them back home.

This year, there was a poor harvest of potatoes.

They were not that big to start with, but this year they only grew to the size of the ring made by putting one's thumb and index finger together. There were two bags of potatoes that wouldn't be able to be sold to the merchants.

While pondering how I should cook them, I returned home.



“Welcome back.”

“I’m back~!”

Sieg stood up from doing her gardening work and greeted me.

“Sieg, thank you for the lunchbox.”

“No, it wasn’t that great.”

“No, they were all delicious!”

If it was the usual, I would have given her a kiss of thanks, but today I couldn't even approach her because of all the mud.

Unable to bear seeing her husband like that, Sieg talked to me.

“Ritz, you should take a bath first.”

“Eh, it's alright. Sieg, you can go in first. Meanwhile, I'll be weeding in the meanwhile.”

“It's alright, so go in. You must be tired.”

“Really?”

I prefer going in after Sieg! But if I say that I might be treated as a pervert so I decided to receive her hospitality.

I wiped the sweat and mud off my body and headed the living room in a clean state.

While I was resting, sitting on a chair, Miruporon brought a honey lemon juice.

“Thank you~”

As usual, Miruporon pounded her chest and then disappeared.

Before I realised it, I was seeing off a back wider than mine.

While I was wondering what I should do about the pile of vegetables I received, Sieg came out of the bath.

When I tapped the spot next to me, she came over.

“How were the vegetables?”

“N~n, not bad, I guess.”

If the potatoes are as big as the ones from Sieg’s country, the profitability will be much different, or so I thought.

This year, I counseled Captain Artonen of the fortress for financial matters, so I wanted to try out many things.

As I chatted with Sieg, dinner was served.

The pot of soup was placed on the table. It was left there, which meant that we were free to refill our bowls.

The main ingredient of today’s soup were mushrooms. There were mushrooms that were collected and dried in summer.

There were also chicken herb roast that was cooked until the skin was crispy, as well as a salad of leafy vegetables with fish oil.

In the middle of the table, a potato gratin was placed.

Next to that, there was a pile of potato fries.

“It’s a feast again today. Thank you as always.”

When I delivered words of thanks to Ruruporon, she returned a smile.

Sieg served gratin onto dishes.

Meanwhile, I took out alcohol from the shelf and poured some into my wife’s cup.

“Now then, let’s eat.”

“Alright.”

After giving a prayer of gratitude to the spirit I started eating.

The soup had the poisonous mushrooms, kantarelli. It's said that it's okay as long as they aren't eaten raw.

They have a spicy flavour like pepper and also have a chewy texture so they're tasty. Because they're dried, the flavour is also condensed well.

The soup that was cooked carefully had a mild and elegant taste. I applauded Ruruporon in my head.

When I cut the chicken herb roast, the meaty juices flowed out. The skin was crispy and the meat was tender. The fragrance of the herbs roused my appetite.

I thought that the salad marinated in fish oil would taste good with bread, but unfortunately today there was no bread on the table. Then I thought of using potato fries instead of bread. I discovered that the crispiness of the leafy vegetables went well with the crunchy potato fries. Moreover, the fishy flavour made me want alcohol. It was very delicious.

The potato gratin still had the peel on.

The potato that was just harvested was warm and had a sweet taste. The cheese that was in the slit was also crunchy and tasty.

The dinner meal filled with the blessing of autumn was great.

After dinner, I decided to play with Sieg on the long chair.

"Sieg, let's play~"

Today, I was quite tired so I just wanted to do something simple. Thus, I brought cards.

We played a game where we flipped the cards to collect sets of the number.

Both Sieg and I were remembering the cards, so it always turns out to become like a game of who gets it first.

When we played games, we always did it after setting a penalty for the loser.

Dishwashing, cleaning the floor, baking, those sorts of things.

“What should we have today?”

“Ritz, what do you want?”

“Let’s see~”

Even though she asked, I couldn’t think of anything specific.

“How about you, Sieg?”

“Let’s see, how about the loser wearing their hair in twintail pigtails?”

“Uwa, that’s nasty!”

Sieg’s hair did not grow out enough to braid her hair, but she said that she has the attachable hair she got from home.

“This, even if you lose, it won’t hurt!”

“No, it would be probably painful to see a woman in her thirties wear pigtails.”

“No it’s not, it will definitely be cute!”

“.....”

While talking, I ended up wanting to see Sieg’s hair in pigtails, so I rolled up my sleeves and put effort into the game.

——The result.

“Uwa, I lost.”

A splendid defeat.

I might have been out of focus because of the fatigue.

From the winner, Sieg, I received a comb and ribbons.

“What’s with these ribbons.”

“It’s something brother sent as a joke.”

They were pink ribbons with nice textures from the velvet.

I asked if she wanted me to do it now. When I asked just in case, Sieglinde replied yes.

I couldn’t help it, so I had my hair done in pigtails and put ribbons on.

“Hey, isn’t it disgusting?”

“No, it’s good.”

There’s no way it would be good, I murmured and hid my face with both hands in embarrassment.



Like so, the peaceful couple life with Sieg passed peacefully.

Stories of the Four Seasons complete.